

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Lincoln County and the Development of Its Resources.

VOLUME I.

WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., SATURDAY, October 6, 1883.

NUMBER 51.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. T. REID'S
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AND
Chemical Laboratory.
More in Southern New Mexico examined and reported upon. Estimates and specifications made. Correspondence solicited.
Office: White Oaks Ave.
WHITE OAKS, N. M.

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Real Estate and Mining Agent.
Taxes Paid for Non-Residents.
Will Also
Take Contracts For
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ment Work.
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Of the Patronage of the Citizens of
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—AND—
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Patterson & Watson,
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Mining & Real Estate Brokers.
Special attention paid to examination of mining titles and property and acting as agents therefor. Contracts taken and assignments made. Correspondence solicited.
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—AND—
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S. McC. McPHERSON.
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LINCOLN, N. M.
JAMES S. REDMAN
Contractor & Builder,
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EST—Orders may be left at this office.

CATRON & THORNTON,
Attorneys at Law
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Will practice in all the Courts of Law and Equity in the Territory. Special attention given to the collection of claims and remittances promptly made.
BEAL, CHANDLER & HOUGH
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
LINCOLN & WHITE OAKS, N. M.
Will practice in all the courts in the Territory.

Lincoln County Leader.

Entered at the Post Office at White Oaks, N. M., as second class matter.

Saturday, Oct. 6, 1883.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

Published by the Lincoln County Publishing Company

WM. CAFFREY, Editor

POLITICAL FOSSILS.

There are religious, monetary, scientific, mineral, archeological, and other fossils, but all are tolerable or tolerant save he who is politically striped—the political fossil.

For months past a committee called the "Committee on Education and Labor," has been perambulating the country, taking testimony from Tom, Dick, Harry, Elizabeth, Jane and Nora, with the ostensible view of determining who is to blame for the differences existing between employers and employees, and the occasional upheaval between them. The Commission, if we recollect aright, is non-political, being composed of old grannies representing both political parties, and it is well for politics that it is so, as neither party could separately endure or survive the odium which will attach to the operations of such commission. Before it has been called the millionaire, the ship-builder, the importer, the merchant. Besides these have been summoned old women, and women of uncertain age, and the readers of telegraphic dispatches have been nauseated by the testimony of such women as Miss Hellen Potter and Joe Medill. What either could be expected to prove none but those who summoned them could tell, and what the testimony of either amounted to, though published in full, fails to reveal. Miss Potter, whether enveloped in Mother Hubbard or other dress, simply disclosed the suspected fact that she was and is a woman as the following sample brick will demonstrate:

"I have neither husband nor children. If I had a husband I might obey him—probably would if I liked him. Certainly there is nothing else in the shape of a man that I would pay particular deference to."

Surely, as Shylock once said in approval of Portia's speech, "another Daniel come to judgment." If there is any word in the lexicon that the average woman hates with an inborn and intense hatred it is "obey." Miss Hellen says that if she had a husband among her effects she might obey him, it would be largely contingent upon how much she liked him. We suppose if her examiners hadn't forgotten it they would have enquired of her if she would love and honor a husband—but perhaps her reply would have been, "I might if I liked him." "Love," however, is evidently not in her vocabulary. Now what we want to know is not as to the ante or post character of Miss Hellen, but from what we know of either, associated with her evidence, what in the name of sense was she called on the stand for, and what does her evidence signify? Capital stands a labor lies just as they did before she opened her month.

Then comes old Joe Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, who for years has been a crank on the subject of Free Trade. Whether he was introduced as holding to political principles which are the bane or antidote under which we are to sink or rise, is enigmatical. At any rate, he mounted the stand

lately vacated by his sister Hellen, and told what he knew. He said a protective tariff was an evil, and that the laboring man spent too much of his earnings for tobacco and whisky. Abolish the tariff, and stamp out the poor man's appetite for nicotine and alcohol, and prosperity would ride on as easy wings as does the eagle when scaling the storm-winds enroute to his acerie on the mountain top. Truly "another Daniel," a duplex to Hellen's stem-winder.

The sober truth is, the appointment of this commission was a piece of lunacy, and the product of its labor shows its paternity. Ever since the Prodigal Son ate with the hogs, and Lazarus snatched crumbs from the floor beneath the table of Dives, without going further back, capitalists have stood erect while laborers have bent backs and the hinges of their knees, offering the product of their industry for hire. No man ever had labor to sell that he didn't demand for it and that he could get—no man ever wanted labor, and he didn't buy it as cheaply as he could. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be, world wide out." We cannot know the anthem further, and say, "Amen," but until the laws of Nature change no change will be experienced in the relations between capital and labor, and the paying out of the people's money per dem to those political fossils, who are now in the name of "reform," examining such persons as Hellen Potter, Joe Medill, and John Pope Hodiott, is enough to make burros envious, and common thieves renounce their calling.

Were one of the commissioners to resign, giving as his reason that it was robbery to take the people's money for nothing, he would be applauded and awarded a more honorable position. But they are superannuated and deaf, and failing to hear the twittering of the thousands of birds in the bushes they convulsively hold fast to the one in hand.

Joel A. Fowler, thus cards the public, from Kelly, N. M., in regard to his recent difficulties: I desire to say in further defence of myself, that after the examination in Socorro, heretofore reported, I learned that there was dissatisfaction in the public mind, and I desire to say that I came to the Magdalena, notified T. M. McCave, justice of the peace in precinct No. 11; that he went with six men from Middle Camp, who knew nothing of the trouble with 'Pony' and 'Butcher Knife Bill' and held an inquest. The jury's verdict is or will become a part of the county records. I then surrendered myself to James H. McGee, deputy sheriff, had another preliminary examination before Judge McCave, and I was acquitted. If the public is not satisfied with all this, the grand jury has jurisdiction to examine to the fullest extent of the law, I want to be a law-abiding citizen, but must protect my own life. Three men, Mexicans, are reported to have run off a bunch of my cattle, and I want to say that I will catch them if I can. Two or more unknown men were near my ranch last night, but did not show up at the ranch. I desire to give notice that they or any other parties must make their business known when coming near my house at night, or else abide the consequences.

Rain fell on every hour of Wednesday.

"BUGLE BLAST."

Our attention has been called to an article in the Las Vegas Gazette of the 20th ult. purporting to have been written in this county, bearing the above heading, in which the author mercilessly anathematizes the general Government and Indian Agent Lewellyn for permitting the dark forms of some 800 Indians, on an Indian Reservation, which happens to be located in this county, and in so many words counseling resistance to the Government of the U. S., and assassination of the Indian Agent. Let us see if we misrepresent. He says, addressing the people of Lincoln county:

"Do you look to the Government for protection? Then go ask the ghosts of the slaughtered victims of a hundred years what protection it gave them in the hours of sorest need, and you will then take down your trusty rifle and prepare to defend your household to the bitter end, deeming yourself fortunate indeed if the troops get around in time to rescue the mangled bodies of yourself and family from the coyotes and vultures. Think you the Agent will keep these fiends from raiding? Look at the past history of the tribe and you will know what value to set upon his assurances."

And that man, who alone is responsible is Apache Indian Agent at South Fork, Lincoln county New Mexico. What answer have the citizens of the county to make to him and his glowing gang?"

Now our readers know from what we have heretofore written on the subject, that we are not the champion of the "red man" nor of the policy pursued by the government toward him. But we never have set up our opinion against the fiat of our government. On the contrary we have waged battle against those who have. The pilots of our "Ship of State" stand upon a higher plane than we do, and multitudes, but weaker rather than strengthen the hands delegated to steer our governmental bark.

Then again, Agent Lewellyn is not potent enough to influence the Government in its disposition of the Indians, but by virtue of his office is bound to obey instructions and we hazard nothing in saying that his harsh critic would greedily if not haughtily step into L's official shoes, and as promptly obey instructions given him by the parent Government.

The facts, however unpalatable, are that we have here on the border, Indians—that from time immemorial our Indians have been held and recognized as the Nation's wards—that we have here in Lincoln county, an Indian Reservation—that the Government has the right to plant its wards on said reservation—and lastly, the Indian Agent is the servant and not the monitor of the Indian Department of the Government.

Again, the people of Lincoln County are not cowards, and do not tremble at the sight of a few redskins, and it is only a few Bob Acres, who long to stand in buckram, with sabers clanging at their heels and a militia company to salute them as Colonel, Major or Captain, that would advise resistance to the General Government, or encourage violence to one of its Agents, and as the courage of the immortal Acres, oozed out of his fingers' ends when confronted by danger, so would the small souls of the agitators in question when peril menaced them.

Still again—instead of a detriment or damage the sending hither and quartering upon us a few hundred Indians, cannot but prove

beneficent, inasmuch as it will probably cause the introduction to Ft. Stanton of more troops, who as well as the Indians, will have to be fed. Everybody knows how beneficial Ft. Stanton is to our producers. If they do not let them but scan the following abstract of the last letting at the Fort:

OATS.—M. Brunswick, 167,000 pounds at \$3.27 per hundred pounds.

BAILED HAY.—Pat F. Garrett, 75 tons (loose) at 34 per ton. Jas. J. Dolan, 50 tons at \$45 per ton. A. Staab, 200 tons at \$1 97½ per hundred pounds.

CORN.—John W. Miller, 45,000 pounds of corn seed at \$2.10 per hundred pounds. Laner Hale, 44,000 pounds at \$2.12. Joshua Hale, 25,000 pounds at \$2.19. Jas. J. Dolan, 300,000 pounds at \$2.17. Joseph Karcher, 100,000 pounds at \$2.25. M. Brunswick, 161,000 pounds at \$2.37.

BRAN.—M. Brunswick, 115,000 pounds, at \$2.93 per hundred pounds. Will Dowlin, 25,000 pounds at \$2.65.

No, we prefer Indians to militia companies. They may not be so pretty, but while the latter take money from the people's pockets, by the thousands, as in Dona Ana and other counties in the Territory the Indians will be to us as rough diamonds, ugly looking, but easily convertible into cash.

LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M.

Mining, Stock, Agricultural Interests

[Under the above heading we propose publishing weekly reports from the various sections of Lincoln County, touching the several interests indicated, and with that view solicit correspondence from every camp, range, and agricultural section in the county. If correspondence be not in shape, will shape it. Facts are what we want.]

RED CLOUD JOTTINGS.
RED CLOUD MINING DIST.,
Gallinas Mts., Lincoln Co.,
Oct., 1 1883.

The mason work of the reverberating smelting furnace is completed. Several things are yet needed before a start can be made, such as fire clay, a small engine and boiler, a blower, teams to haul the bullion etc., etc., all of which are expected to arrive in due time.

The smelting company having expended a little over a nickel, are growing impatient at the delay in receiving a return for their investment.

The fickle goddess has again been graciously bestowing one of her sweetest smiles on the owners of the Buckhorn. Last week, the copper glance streak, which had shown an inclination to pinch, suddenly widened out to 16 inches of solid mineral, making it now one of the best claims in the mountains.

Messrs. Day and Nourse were visiting their old friends in the Gallinas this week. They have gone into the cattle and ranching business, and we wish them much luck.

Mr. Darlinger from the New Placers, is looking at our prospects.

Mat Garton killed a monster rattlesnake, a few days ago, about 15 miles East of here, which measured 7 feet 10 inches long, and 13 inches in circumference.

It is said that the largest cow in America belongs to John Pratt of Chase county, Kansas. She is three years old and weighs, 3,200 pounds.

The Lakers and Black party returned from Las Vegas on Monday.

CLEANING UP

Chandler and Glass Mills!

FLATTERING EXHIBITS.

Interview Pump at Work

GLASS'S MILL.

On last Saturday the Glass Mill closed its second "cleaning up," of the season's work which was very satisfactory, alike to the owners of the ore reduced as to the proprietor of the stamp mill. The ore was from the Rita, owned and worked by Henry Patterson & Co., and weighed 18 tons, the whereof was a 31 ounce brick, valued at \$20 per ounce, or total of \$690, which demonstrates that with proper ore to feed upon, this much abused mill can do good work. Because it heretofore failed to extract bullion from country rock the word went out that it was of no account, but when good ore was provided, it proved to have a capacity even greater than its friends claimed for it. We congratulate the patient and persevering Prof. Glass upon the workings of his pride and confidence.

CHANDLER'S MILL.

On the same day the result of the Chandler Mill clean up was made manifest. This mill ran 110 hours on 50 tons of ore, the product of which was \$700. We will not elaborate on this, but proceed to retail an

INTERVIEW

with Mr. J. B. Thomas, of Middletown, Delaware, and one of the proprietors of the mill. We first questioned him as to the reason why the checks of the company had come back protested, to which he replied that it was the unnecessary haste on the part of the bankers at Las Vegas. The money was in transit from the East to the bank, when the bankers protested. Had they but possessed their souls in patience a few days all would have been well, the bank secured and no panic would have been experienced here. No such trouble would be experienced in the future as the money would be regularly forwarded to the Las Vegas bank, and no checks drawn upon it until the money was there to meet them. While interviewing Mr. Thomas, he received advice that the money for this month's work had been shipped from New York. Mr. T. said that the people of White Oaks had suffered loss through his company. Nothing was asked of our citizens but moral support—financially they would help themselves.

Speaking of the workings of the mill, he confessed disappointment but not discouragement. He said all the machinery worked to a charm and as promised, save the pulverizer, which, though working better this week than last, still fell far below the guarantee. It would be fully tested, however, and if found not to meet the requirements California stamps would be provided. The mill had been built to run, and while there was ore to feed it, it would be run.

Mr. Thomas left for home this week, and said that his visit here would tend to facilitate matters after his return, as the situation could be better explained verbally to his associates than by correspondence, which, however voluminous, could but be unsatisfactory.

The A. T. & S. F. R. R., is going to build to White Oaks. What are our property owners doing in that direction?—Ed. Frank Jones.